The Mess In The Kitchen

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The Mess In The Kitchen

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Will forgets to tidy up the mess in Hannibal's kitchen once again. Hannibal isn't thrilled at all and punishes him later after making him clean the kitchen.

Notes

Hello there. I've had this oneshot in Google Doc for quite some time. As the rest of my works are on hiatus due to writing block, I didn't want to hold it back any longer despite the imperfections. I hope you enjoy this one.

Take care!

Xoxo

Nerd

“Will? Would you please come to me?You have some explaining to do.” Hannibal’s cool voice booms through the house. He sneaks through the home with carefully measured steps. Anger and irritation show through his tensed shoulders, hardened face and ice-cold, piercing gaze. At last, Hannibal discovers Will in the vast living room, lounging on the couch in front of the massive, marble fireplace. A warming fire crackles in there.

Will lies curled up on the expensive leather couch, still wearing his dirty shoes. Loud snores fill the room. The psychiatrist wrinkles his nose, exhales a sharp breath. Then he creeps closer and shakes Will by his shoulder. At the sudden interruption, blue eyes flutter open. Will jerks wakes from his nap, letting out a displeased grunt as he perceives Hannibal’s voice and touches. Wondering what could be so urgent that he has to be woken by his dominant, Will sits up on the comfortable leather couch. His furry companion Winston whines in protest as he moves so abruptly..

“Hannibal…what is it? What’s wrong? Have I messed up something?”

The intense, deadly stare fixed at him makes Will shudder and swallow harshly.

“Follow me into the kitchen and see that for yourself.”

Okay, he is definitely in trouble.

Will rubs his eyes, sighs and pushes himself off the couch. Hannibal walks behind him, ever ready to take further precautions.

They move though the living room, through the corridor before they turn left and enter the kitchen. The strong scent of burned food reaches Will’s nose, making him cough. His stomach twists and turns as he comes to the uncomfortable realization that he has indeed forgotten to clean up the mess. The cake, his failed trial at a welcome back surprise for Abigail’s return from uni in France, stands in the centre of the kitchen island. burned to crisp.

A mess of flour, sugar as well as an accumulation of different dirty kitchen tools and opened boxes and packaging lie scattered across the kitchen island and surfaces. Egg yolk drips from the edge off the counter. Dirty dishes from his lunch rest in the sink. Will swallows and halts before Hannibal. His cheeks redden. He bits on his lips, lowers his neck and directs his gaze to the floor.

“I told you to stay away from the kitchen today. And on top of that you haven’t tidied up ,” Hannibal remarks in a sharp yet controlled tone. “You know very well that my kitchen is my sanctuary. I told you I wanted everything to be perfect for Abigail’s return.”

“Tidy up the remaining mess, boy,” Hannibal adds in a commanding tone. “I took care of the oven already. Luckily there is no permanent damage.” Will swallow, knowing exactly what awaits him. He doesn’t enjoy physical punishments much but they aren’t red flags. Some actions have their consequences and price. A price he needs to pay.

“I’m sorry, Daddy”, he answers, giving Hannibal his best shot at remorseful puppy eyes.

“Promise me you will ask me before you use my kitchen again.” He is unimpressed by Will’s puppy-like demeanor. “This will have consequences, of course.”

The playfulness fades from Will’s face.

“I promise,” Will responds in a more serious tone. “I won’t do that ever again and am so sorry for the mess I have caused. Actually, I really wanted everything to be perfect for Abby.” His bottom lip quivers and sadness fills his eyes.

Hannibal’s facial expression softens when he perceives the remorse. “Good. Should it happen again, you’ll receive thirty spankings with the cane and you have to stay in the cage for one and a half hours.”

Will remembers the last spanking with the cane all too vividly and swallows harshly. Purple bruise marks have remained on his body for at least one week. Hannibal prefers to use the cane at the moment because his hands haven’t proven to be that effective.

‘“Get to work. I’ll add the cage to the punishment if you don’t do your job properly.”

Under the intense supervision of Hannibal, Will rushes through the kitchen to search for rags and cleaning gel, wipes away the trails of flour,sugar and egg yolk from the counters and the floor.

As he hunkers down to wipe away the mess, Hannibal’s eyes linger at Will’s peachy booty pressing through his pants.

After that, Will washes out the rags, empties the bucket with the foam, then heads towards the sink to clean the kitchen tools. He also scrubs the surfaces until the stainless appliances look pristine and he can recognize not a single stain. Once he is done, he stores away the kitchen machine and other accessories into the corresponding shelves.

“Well done, Will,” Hannibal comments with a satisfied smirk curled on his lips. He waits until Will has tidied up, and sorted the placed tools into the correct shelves before disposing of the cleaning tools and rags in the little pantry room.

He shoots Hannibal a quizzical look. “Am I done now?” Will pulls his rosy lips into a tempting pout. Deep inside, Will knows that he may not leave yet. That the punishment is yet to come.

Hannibal slightly narrows his eyes and tries not to be softened by Will’s perfect pout. A smirk with faint traces of sadism rushes over his face. He walks over to Will, breacheshis distance. Hannibal can smell the different cleaning gel on him. His fingers stroke his cheeks, then wander further down to the black collar around Will’s throat.

“No, dear boy. We are not done yet,” he purrs. “I want you in my bedroom. Let’s go.”

He gives Will a sharp slap on his booty. Will stifles a moan just in time and gives his master a defiant look, then sets his body in motion with great reluctance.

Hannibal's maroon eyes shine with lust and hunger. as Will begins to shed off his clothes. He pulls up his shirt, followed by his pants until his beige, silken top, tight panties and garters are revealed. His hard, rosy nipples press against the top. The panties are already soaked with slick.

"Good boy. How magnificent you are," Hannibal praises him. "However, this won't free you from your punishment. "He pulls up Will's chin with a firm grip. "Do you understand me?" Will bobs his head up and down several times. "Yes, Sir." "Down with you on all fours." Will obeys and hunkers down, adjusting in his position on the wooden floor. Hannibal admires the sight of Will on the floor, then pulls down the panties. Swiftly, he lifts his cane and slaps Will's firm ass. *Smack. Smack. Smack.* The taut flesh wiggles under his hard slaps. Will gasps and emits loud moans. His cock leaks precum. He knows he isn't allowed to cum today so he holds back.Instead he grits his teeth and breathes in and out deeply.

Each slaps causes tremendous pain but he doesn't say his safe word. No, he can do this. After twenty slaps, Hannibal stops and admires the inflamed cheeks with a satisfied smile. He puts the cane aside, walks up to Will and ruffles through his curls before he pulls away again to retrieve the aftercare set to treat his inflamed skin. The cold cream on his skin makes Will shudder and sigh in relief. Hannibal closes the lid again and puts the lotion away. He returns to Will's front. "I hope this will be a reminder for you to do your chores properly," Hannibal warns. Will peaks up at him with submissive puppy eyes. "Of course, Daddy. It..it won't happen again." "I'll certainly hope so." Hannibal unbuckles his belt, opens the fly of his slacks and allows Will to take care of his cock.

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